

(203)

T H E
Western Rebel;
O R, T H E
True Whiggish Standard set up,
By the True-Blue Protestant PERKIN.

To the Tune of, Packington's Pound.

I.

SEE the Vizor's pull'd off, and the Zelots are Arming,
For our old *Egypt*-Plagues the Whig Locusts all
(Swarming.

The true Protestant *Perkin*, in Lightning has spoke,
And begins in a Flash to vanish in Smoke:

Little *Jemmy*'s lanch'd o're

From the old *Holland* Shore,

Where *Shaftsbury* marcht to the Devil before.

The Old Game's a beginning; for High-Shoes & Clowns
Are turning State-Tinkers for mending of Crowns.

II.

Let his Desperate Frenzy to ruine spur on;
The Rebel too late, and the Madman too soon.
But politick Noddles without Wit or Reason,
When empty of Brains have the more room for Treason.

Ambition bewitches,

Through Bogs and through Ditches,

Like a *Will* with a Wisp: For the Bastard Blood itches:
And the Bully sets up, with his High-Shoes and Clowns,
A True Protestant Tinker for mending of Crowns.

III.

Let him banter Religion, that old Stale pretence,
For Traytors to mount on the Neck of their Prince.
But Clamor and Nonsense no longer shall fright us,
Our Wits are restored by the flogging of *Tims*.

Their Canting Delusion,

And Bills of Exclusion,

No longer shall sham the mad World to Confusion.
The Old Cheat's too gross, & no more Bores & Clowns
For perching on Thrones, and prophaning of Crowns.

IV.

So the Great Murder'd *Charles*, our Church, Freedom
(and Laws,

Were all Martyrs of old, to the Sanctified Cause.

Whilst Gospel and Heav'n were the popular Name,

The Firebrands of Hell were all ligh't from that Flame.

Reformation once tuned,

Let Religion but sound,

(round.

When that Kirk Bagpipe plays all the Devils Dance

But the Whining Tub Cheat shall no longer go down:

No more Kings on Scaffolds, and Slaves on a Throne.

Let his hot-brain'd Ambition, with his Renegade Loons,
Mount the Son of the People, for Lord of Three Crowns;
The Impostor on one hand, and Traytor on t'other,
Set up his false Title, as crackt as his Mother.

But whilst Peacock-proud,

He struts and talks loud,

The Head of the Rabble, and Idol o'th' Crowd;

From his false borrow'd Plumes, & his hopes of a Crown,

To his black Feet below, let th' Aspirer look down.

VI.

Then let him march on with his Politick Poll,
To perch up his Head by old *Bradshaw* and *Nell*:

Whilst the Desperate *Jehu* is driving headlong,

To visit the Reliques of *Tommy Armstrong*.

For there's Vengeance a working,

To give him a Jerking,

And humble the Pride of the poor little *Perkin*.

Great *JAMES* his dread Thunder shall th' Idol pull down,

Whilst our Hands, Hearts, and Swords are all true to the
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